

CLAY GEERDES' COMIX WORLD

Number
one

one
dollar

GROWING UP

WEIRD



-by J. R. WILLIAMS

© 1995

GROWING UP WEIRD

1957



1967



1977



1987



GROWING UP WEIRD IS PUBLISHED BY CLAY GEERDES' COMIX WORLD,
BOX 7081, BERKELEY, CA, 94707 - THANKS, CLAY! - CONTENTS COPY-
RIGHT © 1985 BY J.R. WILLIAMS, 1418 SE 29TH, PORTLAND, OREGON,
97214 - ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. DEDICATED TO JOHN, JO, JIM-BOB,
JACK, JEAN, JANE, DICK, AND, OF COURSE, GOOD OLD MOM & DAD.

GROWING UP WEIRD

DEATH WISH: TALKING BACK WAS A SURE-FIRE WAY TO GET YOURSELF KILLED. SO WHY'D WE DO IT? HOW DID WE MANAGE TO SURVIVE?

DID YOU MAKE YOUR BED?

NO, IT CAME FROM A FACTORY.

LINES LIKE THIS WERE TOO GOOD TO PASS UP-BUT CERTAIN DOOM.

©1985 WILLIAMS

TALKING BACK DURING A SPANKING WAS SURE TO GET YOU ABOUT HALF-A-DOZEN EXTRA LICKS.

DIDN'T HURT. DIDN'T HURT. DIDN'T HURT.

--OH, YEAH?

"THE BELT!"

POPULAR WITH FUTURE MASOCHISTS.

REPEATING WHATEVER YOUR PARENTS SAID WHEN THEY WERE MAD (WITH A "NYAH-NYAH" IN YOUR VOICE) WAS ESPECIALLY DEADLY.

I'M TAKING AWAY YOUR B.B. GUN UNTIL YOU LEARN NOT TO SHOOT AT BIRDS!

I "I'M TAKING AWAY YOUR B.B. GUN UNTIL YOU LEARN NOT TO SHOOT AT BIRDS!"

BLAH BLAH BLAH

NOT TOO BRIGHT BUT HARD TO RESIST.

All rights reserved.

THE ULTIMATE STAND-OFF, HOWEVER, WAS PHYSICAL RETALIATION COUPLED WITH SELECT FOUR-LETTER WORDS.

CUT IT OUT, YOU G☆EX!!

GRAB

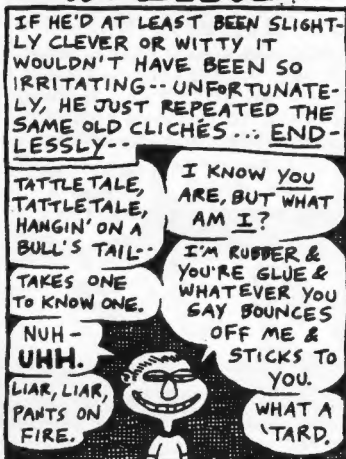
YARD-STICK

THIS CHILD IS NO LONGER WITH US.

GROWING UP WEIRD



©1985 J WILLIAMS



All rights reserved.



Growing up WEIRD

BIG TROUBLE

SCHOOL DAYS--WHEN TRYING TO GET EACH OTHER INTO "BIG TROUBLE" WAS A FAVORITE PASTIME. ESPECIALLY DURING MUSIC...

--NOW WE WILL SING THE WOODPECKER.

YAY-Y!

EW!

DICK HATED MY "FAVE," THE WOODPECKER--I FELT THE SAME ABOUT HIS, LAUGHTOWN.

©1985 WILLIAMS

DICK WAS NOW IN "BIG TROUBLE." AFTER A TONGUE-IN-CHEEK REPRIMAND BY THE TEACHER (WHO WAS ON TO US), WE WERE READY TO PERFORM THE NEXT STIRRING NUMBER.

--NOW WE WILL SING LAUGHTOWN.

YAY-Y!

EW!



DICK HAD AN UNUSUAL HUMMING METHOD--EMPLOYING HIS TONGUE. INSTEAD OF SINGING THE AWFUL LYRICS "DIG-A-DIG-A-DIG-DIG," HE "HUMMED" HIS DISAPPROVAL.

♪ SOMEONE'S KNOCKING, KNOCKING, KNOCKING ON MY BLBLBLBLBLBL DOOR! SOMEONE'S--

TEACHER! HE'S NOT SINGING THE RIGHT WORDS!



All rights reserved.

DICK & I REMAINED FRIENDS UNTIL THIS DAY, PROBABLY BECAUSE ANY FEELINGS OF VINDICTIVENESS BETWEEN US WERE QUICKLY FORGOTTEN.

♪ OH, THERE IS A PLACE WHERE THEY LAUGH ALL THE DAY-- BLBLBLBLBLBLBLBL!

TEACHER!



...BUT NOT TOO QUICKLY.

FOR R.S. "MENO WANNA TOUCH ANYBODY!" WIENS

GROWING UP WEIRD!

ULTRA Top-Secret PASSWORD

"MONGEES" - A BOGUS PLURAL FORM OF MONGOOSE, WHICH APPEARED IN A MAGAZINE QUIZ, STRUCK US AS BEING A PERFECT "PASSWORD"



WHO'D EVER GUESS IT? IT WASN'T REALLY EVEN A WORD...

©1985 by J WILLIAMS

MY FRIEND DICK HAD AN INSPIRED IDEA--WHenever ONE OF US PHONED THE OTHER, WE WERE TO SAY "MONGEES" INSTEAD OF "HELLO"

-BUT WHAT IF YOUR MOM ANSWERS? I'LL FEEL LIKE A JERK!

DON'T WORRY... I'LL ANSWER!



SOMEHOW, I WAS CHOSEN TO MAKE THE FIRST CALL

All rights reserved

SURE ENOUGH, I FELL FOR IT.



FOR YEARS AFTERWARDS, DICK RIBBED ME ABOUT THIS.

IT'S ODD HOW SOMETHING LIKE THAT CAN STILL SEEM SO FUNNY, NOW THAT WE ARE FULL-GROWN, RESPONSIBLE ADULTS.



REAL ODD.

GROWING UP WEIRD

POWER fantasy:

ALL IT TOOK TO BECOME A "SUPER-HERO" WAS A BRIGHTLY-COLORED BATHTOWEL & A HEALTHY IMAGINATION....



**TA-DA! MIGHTYMAN,
NEIGHBORHOOD CRIMEFIGHTER!**

©1985 by WILLIAMS

SOMETIMES, IN MOMENTS OF
EXTREME CRAZINESS, DAN-
GEROUS STUNTS WERE
ATTEMPTED

MOM'S
VOICE

SHRIEK!
GET DOWN
FROM THAT
ROOF!

--OKAY, I'LL
FLY
DOWN!



CONSEQUENTLY...ANY STRAY
ANIMAL, PASSING MOTORIST,
OR OBLIVIOUS PEDESTRIAN
WAS A POTENTIAL "EVILDOER"

**HALT, "BRAINIAC-
FIVES' DOG"!**



LUCKY FOR THEM, NONE WERE
EVER CAUGHT & TRIED.

All rights reserved

... FORTUNATELY, MOST OF US
GREW OUT OF SUCH DELU-
SIONS OF GRANDEUR.



GROWING UP

WEIRD

GROSS INJUSTICE:

CAROL-ANN WAS A SPOILED ROTTEN BRAT. NONE OF THE KIDS IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD WOULD PLAY WITH HER BECAUSE SHE CRIED WHENEVER SHE COULDN'T "WIN"

--ONE-TWO-THREE
ON CAROL-ANN!

BAW-W!



©1985 WILLIAMS

FREQUENTLY, SHE'D IRRITATE THE HELL OUT OF OTHERS JUST TO GET THEM TO NOTICE HER. ONE DAY, ON MY WAY HOME FROM SCHOOL...

YOU'RE MY BOY-FRIEND! I'M GONNA TELL EVERYONE YOU SAID YOU LIKE ME! (BLAH, BLAH, ETC., ON & ON)

LOOK, QUIT BUGGIN' ME OR I'LL SLUG YA!



RATHER SEVERE TACTICS, BUT WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?

--I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN--THE
NEXT DAY, ON MY WAY HOME,
CAROL-ANN'S DAD WAS WAIT-
ING FOR ME...

MY GIRL WAS
AFRAID TO GO TO SCHOOL-SAID
YOU STUCK YOUR FIST IN HER
FACE! DON'T YOU DO THAT
AGAIN! I'LL SEND HER BIG
COUSIN BRENT OUT HERE TO
STICK **HIS** FIST IN **YOUR**
FACE! RANT! RAVE! & ETC!



THERE IS NO JUSTICE, I THOUGHT.

All rights reserved.

PERHAPS **YOU** CAN THINK OF
SOMETHING THAT MAY HAVE
WARPED **YOUR** CHILDHOOD
SENSE OF JUSTICE?

-- A FULL, FREE, AND
ABSOLUTE PARDON
FOR RICHARD NIXON...



SURE. I THOUGHT YOU COULD.

▶▶▶ GROWING UP WEIRD ▶▶▶▶▶

TERROR by NIGHT

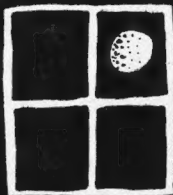
MY FOLKS WERE OUT FOR THE EVENING--IGNORING THEIR ADVICE TO THE CONTRARY, I SAT DOWN TO WATCH A LATE WEREWOLF MOVIE ON T.V.

BE CAREFUL,
CHARLES--
DOOO DOOO
DE DOOO B
GRAOWL!



©1985 WILLIAMS

WHEN I WENT TO BED, I NOTICED THE FULL MOON WAS OUT---! THEN, SHORTLY AFTER I TURNED OUT THE LIGHT...



OOWOOO
OOOOWW

WHAT THE HELL WAS IT?!?

I SUFFERED IN STARK TERROR
FOR TEN MINUTES BEFORE I
FIGURED IT OUT--MY MOTHER'S
STUPID POODLE WAS IN THE
OTHER ROOM, MOANING. HE'D
NEVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE
THAT BEFORE !!

SHUT UP,
DAMMIT!



I CHUCKED PILLOWS AT HIM
UNTIL HE STOPPED.

All rights reserved.

AS WE GET OLDER, OF COURSE,
WE MANAGE TO LOSE SUCH
SILLY, SUPERSTITIOUS NIGHT-
TIME FEARS.



FSSHRRO
OOAARR

... AND ACQUIRE NEW ONES.

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, IN THE PLACE OF PLAIN, NORMAL RICK, THERE PRANCED AN UGLY, MONSTROUS EGO...

SO, YOU CAN "WALK-THE-DOG"--- SO WHAT? YOU'RE NOT AS GOOD AS ME.



HIS NEW "POPULAR" FRIENDS STARTED CALLING HIM "DUDE."

All rights reserved.

I GUESS SOME PEOPLE ARE WILLING TO DO SOME STRANGE THINGS--EVEN MAKE RADICAL PERSONALITY CHANGES--IN ORDER TO GRAB THEIR CHANCE AT "FAME," HOWEVER SMALL OR FLEETING IT MIGHT TURN OUT TO BE.



...OTHERWISE, HOW DO WE ACCOUNT FOR THINGS LIKE THE GONG SHOW?

GROWING UP WEIRD!

T.V. LIES! THE SUPER-MARKET HAD A CATCHY JINGLE ABOUT BEING "NEIGHBORS" AND "FRIENDS"

HELLO THERE, NEIGHBOR,
WE'RE YOUR FRIEND --
WHEN WE THINK OF ALL
THE MONEY YOU'LL SPEND!
DEEDLE-DEE-DEE!



...SO DID "MR. ROGERS," BUT I FIGURED THIS STORE WAS PROBABLY OKAY ANYHOW.

©1985 WILLIAMS

BUT! WHENEVER I BROUGHT MY EMPTY POP BOTTLES INTO THE PLACE...

HI! I'VE GOT
SOME BOTTLES...

OH GAWD NO!
BOTTLE COUNT
ON FIVE!!



-HARDLY THE WARM, MUSICAL
RECEPTION I HAD EXPECTED.

SOME SULLEN EMPLOYEE EVENTUALLY ARRIVED TO PERFORM THE DEGRADING TASK...

GROUSE! BITCH!
MOAN! ETC!

I--I THOUGHT
THIS WAS THE
"FRIENDLY"
MARKET?!?

GRAB



MEANWHILE, THE STORE SONG
PLAYED ON THE PIPED-IN "MUZAK"
- QUITE AN IRONIC TOUCH.

All rights reserved.

THEY'RE STILL USING THAT SAME
JINGLE TODAY, WHICH JUST GOES
TO SHOW YOU-- THE MORE THINGS
CHANGE...

HI! I'VE GOT
SOME BOTTLES...

AWWR, NO!
@☆#!!
BOTTLE COUNT
ON FIVE!!

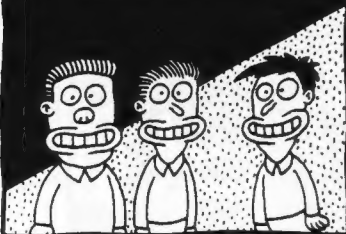


...THE MORE THEY STAY THE SAME.

GROWING UP WEIRD

BLACK SABBATH

BOB & JACK SANFORD WERE LIKE BROTHERS TO ME... THEY LIVED ON MY BLOCK, AND WE DID ALMOST EVERYTHING TOGETHER.



ONE SUNDAY WE WENT TO SEE A SCARY BORIS KARLOFF MOVIE.

©1985 J WILLIAMS

THAT NIGHT, STILL FRIGHTENED I WENT IN TO SLEEP WITH MY PARENTS... LATER, MY MOTHER GOT UP & WENT TO MY ROOM TO SLEEP.

BAM
BAM
BAM



EEEEKK?!

SHE WAS AWAKENED AT 4:00 A.M. BY A LOUD TAPPING AT THE WINDOW.

THE WORST PART OF THE FILM INVOLVED A DEAD OLD LADY WHO CAME BACK TO LIFE, SEEKING VENGEANCE -- FRANKLY, IT SCARED THE HELL OUT OF US.



EEYAAAAHH!

EXPERIENCES LIKE THIS BROUGHT BOB, JACK & I CLOSER TOGETHER, REINFORCING OUR BONDS.

All rights reserved.

--IT WAS BOB, WHO WAS TOO SCARED TO GO ON HIS DARK EARLY-MORNING NEWSPAPER ROUTE ALONE-- JACK HAD REFUSED TO GO WITH HIM! SOME BROTHER!



I DIDN'T GO WITH HIM, EITHER.

i wish we had
another
slinky scan

